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PLUCKED FROM MAGAZINES

Subjects of Interest Discussed by Writers for Current Periodicals.

What Story-Writers Are Doing-The Work of Rives, Eggleston, Kipling and Davis-Our Common Roads-Literary Coincidence.

Amelie Rives has probably received, first and last, more public attention than she deserved, but unless she writes something more worthy of notice than her latest story, "According to St. John," in the Cosniopolitan Magazine, her prospects for fame or even further notoriety are slight. Her first stories, "A Brother to Dragons," etc., showed a strength and promise that justified high expectations on the part of her readers-expectations that were shattered by that unpleasant book "The Quick or the Dead." These early stories showed that the author had been a student of English classic literature, and, while not a mere imitator, had modeled her style upon it. "According to St. John" is an evidept imitation of modern French models, and a poor imitation it is. She attempts a realism that verges upon vulgarity and indulges in sentimental outbursts that make herself and her characters ridiculous. The heroine, Jean, is a Virginia girl of seventeen, who takes her ! patrimony of \$10,000, and with a negro maid, goes to Paris, where she lives upon her income and studies music. Here, after a year or so, she makes the acquaintance of an artist and his wife, with both of whom she falls in love. Discovering her sin as to the latter, she confesses to the wife, who is a consumptive, and about to die. The woman forgives her after first confessing that her own heart had been another's when she married the artist, and tells her that after she, the wife, is gone she must comfort the bereaved husband. On her death-bed she makes the husband, who has hardly recognized the existence of Jean, promise to marry the girl. In the course of a few months, his motherless child needing care, he recalls this promise, and Jean being still in love with him, he has no difficulty in carrying out his deceased wife's plan. At the same time the heart of this remarkable man was buried in the grave of that wife, and he suffered great anguish from the daily incidents that reminded him of her. To hear Jean called "Mrs. Farrance" twisted his heartstrings. "He shrank from it as religious men shrink from a blasphemy against the name of God. He longed unspeakably te hear the voice of the dead Lilian. "Jean seemed to him vague, clusive. She was the magnifying-glass through which Lilian's features, both of face and character, became more and more distinct. Every movement of the poor child called up the contrasting movement which would have been Lilian's; every look of her eyes made him remember the different expression which Lilian's would have worn at such a time. He told himself wretchedly that a man twice married like a man who follows two arts. In the depth of his own heart he knows that one is dearer, while he bids himself believe that he loves both equally, though in a different manner." The second wife might never have discovered this unhappy condition of her husband's mind had he not resorted to the plan, only known to sentimental school-girls and to novelists working out a plot, of contiding his secret thoughts to a diary. Carelessly leaving this volume within the reach of the baby one day, the child tore some leaves out; the new wife picked them up, caught sight of the fatal words upon them, and was at once plunged in a gulf of dark despair. At this late stage of the story the reason for its title becomes apparent. Saint John, the disciple had said: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." This the broken hearted wife construed as authority for herself to sacritice her life for ber husband, who would be happier were she not present to disturb his thoughts from the memory of No. 1. Therefore, "according to St. John." she took a dose of morphine and died in the most artistic style of the novelist's art. Whether the story is meant to teach a lesson is not known, but its obvious moral is that no girl should marry a widower unless she can be sure that the ghost of the de-

The Traveler in Cairo,

parted spouse will not walk and disturb

Books of travel are apt to be the most uninteresting of literature. If you have not been over the ground yourself, descriptions are apt to fall flat, and if you are familiar with the scenes the account must have peculiar attractions if it holds your attention. If the description is graphic, however, it is the one who has seen the places pictured who is host likely to care to know what the impressions of others are. Miss Constance Fentmore Woolson's sketch of Cairo. in the October Harper, differs from the ordinary tourist's record in having a charm and vividness that must attract all classes of readers. Cairo is a much-bewritten place, and to say anything new of it indicates both freshness of perception and literary talent on the part of the writer-both of which Miss Woolson has developed in another field. What she sees there is not what the hurried traveler sees. To most tourists Cairo, she says, is a confused memory of donkeys, dragomans, mosquitoes, dervishes and mosques. To learn the charm of the place one must linger and return. Is Cairo worth this? "That," she says, "depends upon the temperament. If one must have in his nature somewhere a trace of the post to love Venice, so one must be at heart something of a painter to love Cairo. Her colors are so softly rich, the Saracenic part of her architecture is so fantastically beautiful, the figures in her streets are so picturesque, that one who has an eye for such effects seems to himself to be living in a gallery of paintings without frames, which stretch off in vistas, melting into each other as they go. If, therefore, one loves color, if pictures are precious to him, are important, let him go to Cairo; he will find pleasure awaiting him. Flaubert said that one could imagine the pyramids, and perhaps the Sphinx, without an actual sight of them, but that what one could not in the least imagine was the expression on the face of an Oriental barber as he sits cross-legged before his door. That is Cairo exactly. You must see her with the actual eyes, and you must see her without haste. She does not reveal herself to the Cook tourist, nor even to Gaze's. nor to the man who is hurrying off to Athens on a fixed day which nothing can

The Faith Doctor.

"Mr. Edward Eggleston's "Faith Doctor." the concluding chapters of which are given in the October Century, has probably attracted more attention than any story he has written in recent years. It is an excellent study of the recent "mind-cure" "Christian-science" movements, which, in their various developments, have gained such a hold upon portions of the community. He treats the subject in a most discriminating way, laying bare the fraud where fraud is, and touching with respect upon that phase in which emotional enthusiasts are engaged and who are earnest in their belief in the efficacy of prayer as a cure for disease. Aside from the study of this curious craze. the story, as such, is not especially strong, and in its final chapter degenerates into the commonplace. The heroine does not descend gracefully from her state of exaitation to every-day practical life and common sense, and the pair depart from view just in time to save themselves from becoming tiresome. That they do get away in time may be, however, a proof of the author's artistic skill.

Justice to Kipling.

Edmund Gosse writes a critical review of

by newspaper writers, who objected to his boyish and crude comments on things American as he saw them on a flying trip through the country. Mr. Gosse recognizes Kipling's faults, but he declares himself unable to be indifferent to the charm of what he writes. "From the first moment of my acquaintance with him," he says, "it has held me fast. It excites, disturbs, and attracts me; I cannot throw off its disquieting influence. I admit all that is to be said in its disfavor. I force myself to see that its occasional cynicism is irritating and strikes a false note. acknowledge the broken and jagged style, the noisy newspaper bustle of the little peremptory sentences, the cheap irony of the satires on society. Often-but this is chiefly in the earlier stories-I am aware that there is a good deal too much of the rattle of the piano at some cafe concert. But when all this is said, what does it amount to? What but an acknowledgment of the crudity of a strong and rapidly-developing young nature! You cannot expect a creamy smoothness while the act of vinous fermentation is proceeding." He finds it futile to analyze the gifts and the charm. "I want more and more, like Oliver Twist. I want all those 'other stories.' I want to know all the things that Mr. Kipling does not like to tell-to see the devils of the East 'rioting as the stallions riot in spring.' It is the strength of this new story-teller that he reawakens in us the primitive emotions of curiosity, mystery and romance in action. He is the master of a new kind of terrible and enchanting peep-show, and we crowd around him, begging for 'just one more look.' A portrait of Kipling that forms the frontispiece of the magazine shows a strong face of a man who seems to have lived more than the twenty-six years that

A Rising Story-Writer. There is nothing similar in the literary style of Richard Harding Davis and Rudvard Kipling, but the name of one suggests the other, perhaps from a resemblance in their literary careers. Both names became familiar to the public at about the same time as the writers of short stories of unusual interest and originality of theme. Both are young men, and as it turns out, spent years in newspaper drudgery before blooming out in the purely literary field. Both have printed a great deal in two years, but neither is open on that account to the charge of writing too hastily, because the stories published are the result of years of

work in comparative obscurity. "An Unfinished Story" by Davis, in the current number of Harper, has a tinish and a dramatic strength not shown in all his work. If this young man is able to withdraw himself sufficiently from the treadmill of journalistic work to cultivate his talent he has a fair prospect of becoming that novelist of the immediate future for whom the literary world is supposed to be anxiously

Our Common Roads.

The subject of road-making is one that is attracting attention in many directions these days. The fact is being recognized that good common roads are as important to the development of a country as railroads, and that their betterment is a matter of national importance. In an article on the subject in Lippincott for October John Gilmer Speed shows how far ahead of us the great nations of Europe are in the matter of roads. He says in conclusion:

"If the road-making experiences of modern Europe teach us in America one lesson more than another, it is that our common roads should be taken as much as possible out of the hands of the merely local authorities and administered by either the national or the State governments after some plan in accordance with scientific knowledge and the needs of the people who use the roads. As all the people use the common roads either directly or indirectly, it is not unfair that what is needed to be done in the matter of road improvement should be paid for by a general tax. All would benefit, therefore all should pay. The present condition of American roads disgracefully bad, and entails the tax upon people much heavier than that of the tariff of which we hear so much from the politicians. It is an indirect tax, however, and therefore many are unaware of it. To lift this tax all the people must concern themselves. The country people will not be active in the matter, for they fear that they would have to bear all the cost of any improvements. They are not to be blamed for this, for they could not afford to do at

once, or indeed in any thorough way, what is needed to be done. Nor could they take charge of the improvements; for, even if they had the inclination and the means, they lack the requisite engineering knowledge. It is quite as difficult to locate a good common road as it is to locate a railway; and no one would think of inviting a country store-keeper, a village blacksmith or a backwoods axman to lay out a railroad between Philadelphia and New York; but to such as these are our our common roads and country highways now confided. The road-makers are not to be blamed, for they do the best they know how: it is the system that is at fault, and until that be remedied our country folk will "wallow in the mire of their ways, pay excessive tolls, endure, in a word, a grinding taxation, generation after generation, without appreciating the burden

which rests upon them." A Literary Coincidence.

A curious coincidence of plot and character appears in Mr. Howells's serial story. "An Imperative Duty," concluded in the October Harper, and a short story in the October Century, by Matt Crim, entitled "Was It an Exceptional Case?" In each tale the heroine has negro blood in her veins, but is unaware of the fact until it is disclosed by an aunt who has reared her in luxury, and given her every advantage of education. The revelation comes in each case after the girl has fallen in love with a man who is ignorant of her antecedents. but, as it turns out later, has no race prejudices where she is concerned. The coincidence ends here, for Mr. Howells's hero marries the girl after some difficulty in overcoming her scruples, while Miss Crim's young woman runs away and is only discovered by her lover five years later, lying on her bier in a hospital for colored children, where she has acted as teacher and nurse. The similarity in the stories attracted the attention of the Century editor. who had read the early chapters of the Harper serial, and he sent Mr. Howells advance sheets of Miss Crim's story. The novelist has written a letter in reply which appears in the Critic of last week. He

I have been extremely interested in that story of Miss Crim's which you have kindly sent me. and in the very extraordinary coincidence of parts of it with my own story of "An Imperative Duty." You tell me that "Was it an Exceptional Casel" was written in 1889; my story was imagined many years ago and actually written last year, after being first cast in quite a different form. So I cannot account for the resemblance upon the principle of telepathy, but must fall back upon mere blind chance, which frequently sends the same invention in duplicate and triplicate to the Patent Office. I am glad you have given me the opportunity to testify to the fact that Miss Crim's story was in no possible wise suggested by mine; I do not even think that mine was stolen from hers. You are very welcome to print this letter if you believe it will preclude the question that might arise with some.

A Substitute for Whalebone,

New York Herald. "There is an industrious German out in my town," said one of the Indiana men who make the Fifth avenue their loating-place, 'who has invented a substitute for whalebone so far as it enters into dress. Whalebone is now worth its weight in silver and grows searcer every year. This new thing is made from bullock hides, the oil being extracted by chemical process and the hide rendered as tough as a bone. He calls it 'amber bone,' I believe, though it isn't bone at all. It is a clear, transparent amber in color, and from all I hear of it I should suppose it would please the ladies who can't afford real whalebone. There have been a good many attempts of late years to produce a substitute for whalebone, without substant: al success."

Melbourne's Position.

THE BENEFITS OF THE BATH

Pointed Remarks About the Impropriety of Placing Taste Before Decency.

Shirley Dare Tells the Ladies How the Bath Should Be Used in Order to Secure the Best Results in Health and Beauty.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

The first attention paid us when we enter this world and the last as life departs from us is a bath. The unwashed corpse conveys the last significance of indignity and forlornness. Outside these two functions most mortals deal with water sparingly as possible-that is to say, they wash when they feel dirty, drink when they are parched, but are unconfessedly glad to escape the necessity of either. It is hard to tell what children hate most, learning a Sunday-school lesson or taking the Saturday bath exacted of them.

It takes as much cultivation to appreciate a bath as to enjoy a painting. A country lad will find interest in looking at Verestchagin's war pictures, but their terrible eloquence is lost upon him. Curious that in an age when conveniences for bathing are common as street-lights there is not the most distant need of warning devout souls against too great indulgence in the pleasures of the bath, as holy church in the middle ages found necessary. Bathing was allowed to the devout as sparingly as a prohibitionist would permit alcohol in collapse, and as many good reasons were alleged against the external use of water once as there are against the inward use of

spirits to-day. Once upon a time a noble lady in retreat in one of the richestabbeys of France made up her mind to have a bath. It was objected to, with the admirable excuse that nothing existed in the house which would answer for a bath-tub. Nothing daunted, the lively dame seized upon a large coffer lined with metal, which would serve for her foot bath. She had it dragged to her room, filled with water from the kitchens, and took, let us hope, a partial bath, for alas! it leaked. The water ran through floors and injured some fine painted ceil-

People then, as now, put taste before decency.' I notice that public-spirited persons, or those who mean to be such, are anxious to secure a classic picturesqueness for the facade of the free baths which they design to inflict upon the public, while they overlook provisions indispensable for refinement and safety from contagion. Public gifts demand closer scrutiny than they are likely to receive, and none more

than a public bath-house. The bath has a Lundred benefits besides acting the part of washerwoman in laundering our garment of skin. It refreshes by change of temperature, for man is not at his best in air over 75 degrees or below zero. Very few people know, what the Russ and Finn are well aware of, that a hot bath in winter will so heat and stimulate the body as to enable it to bear cold better for days. Few understand the necessity for freely perspiring persons of two baths daily in hot weather, to clear the pores and cool the body, morning and night. Prostration by heat would be almost unknown if this were the habit of all classes, especially of working men who sweat copiously. The bath as a means of physicial development is hardly known. A properly fitted bath-room in not second to a gymnasium for perfecting the body.

A PROTEST AGAINST TOO MUCH THEORY. People take their baths too much by theory. The rigid disciplinarian bathes in cold water the year round as a corporeal and spiritual benefit and a protest against weakness of the flesh. The nervous, conscientious woman endures it, hoping to harden and strengthen herself, dreading above all things making herself tender. The injudicious parent urges her shivering children into the cold tub or the more dreadful shock of the shower-bath, never dreaming of the mischief she does.

To break the constitution of a susceptible child and lay the train for paralysis, hysteria and epilepsy, nothing is surer than a course of hardening in early youth. If the cold bath or the shower is dreaded, if there is catching of the breath and tremor as the child enters the water, empty the bath of its cold flood and turn on the warm water till he is glad to get in and play in it. A mother would be alarmed if schild fully dressed took a chill from cold air, which lowers the bodily warmth far less than the morning chill of cold water she administers daily. If you want to give a girl a weak constitution by all means insist on the various systems of discomfort which excelient persons consider improv-

A woman speaking of this sort of bringing up said that in looking back to her childhood she could bardly remember ever being comfortable, as she was either made to wash in cold water or weighted with too much clothing when she went out of doors, forbidden to hover round the fire for fear of getting tender, and obliged to sleep in an icy chamber for the same reason, while diet and habits were regulated with an ingenious spirit of torture. Instead of hardening it undermined her constitution and left her one of the most susceptible of creatures. We can breathe and move in cold air, though that is ingeniously warmed before it reaches the skin and lungs, but I doubt if we were ever made to delight in cold

water or cold weather. The coldest nations take the hottest baths, and are not enfeebled by them. It is blood heated by youth or the fire of full life which likes the cool dip or spray, but beware how you have to nerve yourself to endure it. A cold bath may be a risky ex-

periment. The rule that cold bathing is safe when followed by good reaction is not wholly sound. I recall a woman who used to take baths of the coldest well water daily and find great refreshment from them, who afterwards charged weakness of the heart and general debility to this excessive stimulus. Dr. Shoemaker says all the persons he has known who beasted of breaking a film of ice to take their baths died early, yet doubtless they felt good reaction at the time. It is doubtful if any grown person, allowed free choice, ever persisted in cold bathing which left a chill, It is safer to say, take a cold bath only when it is absolutely delicious in anticipation and act-

ual enjoyment. If you would have vigorous, fair, healthy children, make their baths a diversion, having the room and water kept so warm that they can play in it to their hearts' content. Do not hurry them out of it, for water is a stimulus to growth and a tonic to muscles and nerves. Half an hour in a room heated to 800 at the walls and free from draughts and cracks, with water not allowed to fall below 850 at any time, the children permitted to get in and out of the tub and run about, to spatter and frolic, is as good a system of physical development as you can devise for all under twelve years of age.

AN ANTIDOTE TO PAIN. One reads with envy Mr. Lafarge's description of the Japanese habits, "a whole family-father, mother, children-filing down to the big bath-room at the corner. whose windows were open," where he "heard them romp and splash and saw their naked arms shining through the steam." A bathing-garment for the elders would satisfy all the proprieties, and we might have in our own houses the charming scenes French artists imagine from the Greek, well known by the photographs, where women and naked children lounge and frolic in the marble-lined, flowerdecked pools of the spacious bathingrooms. Our public and private baths are much too businesslike, and in dingy surroundings hardly more tempting than

The bath is woman's best antidote to pain, the tonic for her strength and preservative

aches and languor call for hot footbaths that are footbaths. The best foot-tub ever saw was the three-gallon tin cans in which peppermint-oil comes for druggists, which allows the legs to be immersed to the knees. Such a leg bath taken with a very warm soap-and-water sitz bath on retiring, wiping on warm towels and getting immediately into a warm bed, with hot bricks or soapstones, is a hygiene which steals a countermarch on acute disorders, which ruin a girl's scholarship, good looks

and comfort for years. In contradiction to nearly all doctors' advice on the subject, I say don't finish the hot bath with a cool douche or sponge in cases where there is ache or pain, however slight. Warmth is vitality and anodyne to pain. Rather have a robe of Turkish towelling to slip over the night-gown warmed for sleeping. If it leaves the girl so warm that she can sleep with the window open, so much the better for her complexion and wellbeing.

Fresh air by night and day is far more wholesomely tonic than any amount of cool bathing. The first approach of malaise with girls should be signal for prompt curative practice of the kind named. This prevents the flushings and pimples, the headaches and fractiousness of growing girls. When malaise wholly disappears, or a few days after, is the time for cold sponging of the back below the waist and the hip muscles, and a finish by rubbing with alcohol or bay spirit is not at all out of the way. Such treatment transforms girls from lumpish, awkward creatures to supple, vivacious ones if they are not educated to death over their books. The complexion of black, pur-ple and livid yellow, which remind one of the colors of nightshade, disappear under this practice, and graceful carriage results from the improved elasticity of the hip and leg muscles.

VALUE OF HEAT. For acute abdominal or visceral pain of whatever nature, in any age or sex, the great cure is hot fomentation, which comes under the the head of bathing. The only limit to the heat is the endurance of the skin, and it should be increased rather than allowed to cool until the pain is subdued. Hot-water bags and bottles are a delusion. They are never hot enough and cool faster than they get heated in my experience. Besides, most heat is absorbed and exerts a prompter effect, so that the first thing when an attack of cramp comes on, as it usually does, in the small hours, when vitality is lowest-the first thing is to dip a yard of heavy flannel in boiling water, wrap it in a towel, wring by its ends and apply to the skin over the pain just as hot as can be tolerated, covering with a piece of blanket and oil silk or enameled cloth above that to keep the heat in. Have a change of flannel, and do not disturb the wrappings till you have another hot one

wrong and ready to apply. If you have to depend on dry heat keep half a dozen layers of thin manila or tissue paper over the skin, and put the water bag or hot flannel or brick over that. The paper holds the heat and protects the skin from changes too slight for notice by well persons, but which cause acute grief in attacks of pain. When face ache comes on and other relief is not near a sheet of soft paper held to the skin by a warm palm is very comforting, as it protects the skin and holds what little heat there is. Neuralgic people never ought to be without two things in their pockets, charcoal and soda tablets, to correct the scidity which causes the mischief, and some tissue paper to apply to the pain.

While I am about it I will mention from experience that a perfectly lovely treatment for neuralgia is to brush the skin with hot melted paraffine wax, and leave the coating on as long as possible. It peels off very easily, and can be used again and again, and no lotion is more exquisitely soothing. To enumerate a tithe of the variations of relief by bathing devices will convince one that bath-rooms admit of great additions to their usual conveniences. The tile-lined rooms and silver or porcelain tubs of millionaires have nothing to recommend them but their pleasure to the eye, for the silver tub is no whit better for all purposes of holding heat than the bright tin one, and tile or marble is not half as good. Try either and you will be content to fall back on the well-polished tin, which does not chill with its stony touch.

The bath-room ought to be light and sunny, with floor and walls painted and impervious to moisture. A carpeted bathroom, often seen in city houses, is a nuisance. There should be some way of heating the room and warming towels and clean clothes on racks. The bright tub should be long enough to lie down in, and a sitz bath with a canvas seat to support the body in the water should be part of the furniture.

THE DOUCHE INDISPENSABLE.

A shower-bath is not necessary at all, but a hot and cold douche with flexible tube is indispensable. It does not give the system one great shock like the shower, but concentrates stimulus where needed, gently or otherwise. In rheumatism, paralysis, withered limb or eczema the play of a douche for five to fifteen minutes is a most effective stimulant. I need only refer to the practice at Richfield Springs for rheumatic ails, which is a hot soak for half an hour, followed by a donche for fifteen minutes, with incredible benefit.

For women who worry about their undeveloped figures the warm douche, cooled to tepid over the bosom, is the safest treatment, and the same is true for small legs and arms, care being taken not to overdouche. Sitting with the feet in hot water while a tepid douche plays five to ten minvtes over the loins and abdomen is right good treatment for various weaknesses and aches of both sexes, while a hot douche flowing down the length of the spine is sovereign for nerve ailments. One of the most beneficial devices for modern constipation rarely seen is the automatic stationary fountain-syringe, operated by simply turning a faucet. Deep foot-baths and a portable vapor bath finish a fairly complete outlit, the whole of which can be compassed within \$100 or less, and will save

endless expense and pain. Bathing is carried to a fine art in the best public establishments, which number a list of medicated baths, quinine and iron baths for malaria, oil baths and peat baths. tar baths and pine-needle baths for consumptives, and crossote baths for eruptions. Domestic practice is well equipped with ammonia, alcohol and electric baths, which are simpler than they sound. Ammonia baths, given by sponging with hot or tepid water with a tablespoonful or two of liquid ammonia to the gallon, are of great benefit in all disorders of acid or fetid perspiration, as in consumption, dyspepsia, tumors and rheumatism, for which they should be taken at least every other day. They are very agreeable if spirits of lavender or toilet-water is added to perfume it. For refreshing and keeping up the strength the alcohol bath, in its varieties, is supreme.

If people would quit using alcohol internally and use it outside they would find more stimulus and support. "Three fingers" of good spirits is quite enough to sponge one from head to foot, and perfumes add to its efficiency and pleasure. A tonio every woman who exerts herself should keep on hand is a bottle of the finest bay spirits, not common bay rum, but the gennine St. Thomas distillation. It costs only \$1 for a wine bottle full, which will bear much dilution and yet be strong as any-thing ordinarily sold. The odor is a delightful blending ot biyarade orange and pimento with bay laurel, and the lotion has a magic over headache from brain work and fatigued muscles, which poured, undiluted, on a sponge and inhaled it quiets the nerves and sends one to sleep.

SHIRLEY DARE. Why Englishmen Growl. Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Englishmen growl whenever a new royal heir is added to the long list of the Queen's descendants. They are growling now about the birth of an heir to Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg. When the time comes, liberal allowances will be voted as usual and quiet will reign. The newspapers make jokes about the newcomer and congratulate Englishmen upon the fact that the succession is not in danger. A German family rules England, and the Queen has taken care to keep the German blood good. The German husbands of the royal princesses are in high favor with the Queen, while the poor Marquis of Lorne Rudyard Kipling's work that will please the many who still cherish a liking for that and another, in spite of the foolish classor raised such as the many make the heavens fall.

Philadelphia Recort.

Melbourne wants a million from the government for his rain recipe; and if justice is accorded scant courtesy. It seems nectorally is accorded scant courtesy. It seems

STORY OF ONE WOMAN'S LOVE

Sad End of a Romance That Would Wring Tears from a Heart of Stone.

Petted Daughter of Society Moved to an Island in Salt Lake with a Husband Doemed to Death and Trimmed His Coffin Herself.

Balt Lake Tribune.

Two weeks ago a brave soul went out-a young man who had felt that he was under sentence of death for six previous years, from which sentence there could be no reprieve, and yet while keeping, as he has been, that death-watch upon himself, no one ever heard him complain, either of the sufferings which were rending his body or of the fate which, like a death's head, was always staring him in the face.

Uriah J. Wenner was born in Bethlehem, Pa., forty-two years ago. He was of splendid stock; his brother, G. U. Wenner, is now one of the foremost doctors of divinity in New York city. He took many honors in the schools; he graduated with honor at Yale, and with high hopes began his life work.

Then the disease, which had all the time been latent, developed, and he knew that active work in the career which he had

marked out was impossible. He bought Frement island, in Great Salt lake; he built him a home there, stocked the island with sheep, and cattle, and horses, moved his little family there, and sat down to wait for the inevitable.

The story of Mrs. Wenner's life on Fremont island is about the most pathetic story ever told on the frontier. She was born and reared in luxury; she came to this city, a bride, eleven years ago. When, five years ago, her husband decided to move to Fremont island, she cheerfully gave up her luxurious home and went with him. Of course, she had no neighbors. With no one but her husband and her little family around her, with a hired man and

one time she was there two years and a half without leaving the island. HER HUSBAND DOOMED.

girl to assist, she lived there five years. At

When, two years ago, her husband became too weak to ride on horseback, she looked after the stook herself, she attended to her house, she taught her children, she nursed her husband, and in these occupations she was busy every moment of her time. She says she was happy, and we do not doubt it. Her husband was failing all the time, but he had been a long time ill, and she would not permit the thought of the possibility of his dying to enter her mind. So it went on until two weeks ago, when her husband said he felt more relieved than he had for months before. Of course great prostration always follows a hemorrhage, and so he lay very weak but cheerful, and on Friday he wanted the man who had been their faithful employe so long to take the boat, go over to Hooper and get the mail, as he said he wanted his papers and magazines. The man, however, did not go until Saturday morning. Through the day on Friday Judge Wen-

ner was comparatively easy. He asked his wife to read to him from their favorite books, and also to repeat to him whole poems which she knew by heart, and so the day and night passed away. On Saturday morning he told her what to cook for his breakfast, saying he wanted a good breakfast, but while this was in preparation she heard the signal which she had prepared for him to make in case he needed her. When she got to his side the fatal hemor-

rhage was on his lips; when she hastened to give him the medicine that was always given him at such a time, he motioned i away. She put her arm around his neck drew his head on her bosom, asked him is he loved her; he answered, "Yes," and asked her if she loved him; at her "yes" he smiled, and in an instant, without a spasm, that smile was transfixed and his soul had

She was there all alone. With her own hands she washed and dressed her husband's body, went outside and got the board herself, and stretched it upon the chairs beside the bed. The girl had such a horror of death that she could not be induced to come into the room to help her lay her husband on the plank.

THE SACRIFICE FOR LOVE. She did it all alone, and when all was composed, she went to her children, told them that their father was dead, explained to them as well as she could what death meant, took them in and showed them

their father's face. They all kissed him, and knelt and prayed beside him. The day wore along and a great storm came upon the lake, so

that it was impossible for the man to re-

It had always been understood that two signal fires meant that slie needed help, so as the night came down she went and lighted those fires and then took up her watch beside her dead. At intervals through the night she would go and replenish the fires, and so the watch went on till

daylight. All that day passed away. At night she renewed the fires; and finally, at great peril, the man reached the island at 10 o'clock at night. There was no possibility to return to get a casket; so the poor woman told the man that he must, from the boards on the place, make the best box he could. The man helpiessly said he could not, but she encour aged him, and told him she would help him. So the box was made. From the best material she had in the house she, with her own hands, lined the box and fixed a pillow for the sleeper's head. That completed, the man dug a grave. The only services for the dead was by the wife and little children kneeling around the coffin before it was moved from the house and praying. But then what other cervice

was needed. As best they could they got the box to the grave; the man drove stakes on one side of the grave, and tied ropes to them; and that woman and that man lowered the body into the grave. Then she went back to take care of her children. The storm was so furious on the lake that it was a week before she could take her children and

leave the island. What she endured through that Saturday, that Saturday night, that Sunday and that Sunday night, no one knows, no one can imagine. She did not shed a tear, she has not shed a tear since; she says very calmly that she never anticipated life without her husband, but that now her children need what strength she has got. And she speaks of what she did as nothing at all. She says it was a pleasure to her to do the last offices; it is very much sweeter for her to think of, than it would be to think that it was performed by some one who might have been less tender in his touch than she. And that was by a little woman who never knew what work was, or what isola-

tion meant; who knew nothing at all about the rougher side of life until she gave her heart up to her husband and thenceforth lived only for him.

A Heretic on Andrew Lang. W. B. Harte, in New England Magazine,

I know that just now it is rank heresy to hint at such a thing, but I have had a sawrites too much, and spreads himself over a multitude of subjects, a little too thinly. There is no robustness in him. He lacks vertebrate. He stands for no principle in literature, and though he has an easy fluency, he is not a great stylist. He is not a Dr. Johnson or a Goldsmith, a Hazlitt or a Bagehot, an Emerson or a Lowell. He is a sublimated journalist-a fad; a very clever fellow who could emulate Swift, and beat him, in writing about broom-sticks, but he is but froth on the waves of these days. He is a wholesale commentator who has been mistaken for a creator. I never think | the teacher.

through seas of classical quotations. He has made dilettanteism a fine art, and he has made it pay. Therefore, his name should not perish, for although this is an ideal world for humbugs in all vocations, and even occasionally for the literary humbug, I do not recall another name in literature of whom the same thing can be

LIVING WITHOUT EYES,

Crawling Creatures of Caverns That No. Longer Have Sight. New York Telegram.

There are many animals in the world which pass all their lives in darkness, never seeing a ray of light. Every one has heard of the blind fishes of the Mammoth Cave. This cave is the biggest of 500 great caverns in the United States. All of them are inhabited by numerous other sorts of creatures that have no eyes for vision. Laterally speaking, there is no such thing as a blind fish, since the most sightless of the finny tribe possesses visual organs in a rudimentary condition; but, through want of use, the optic ganglia and nerves have broken down and been absorbed.

Among the animals in these caves where Egyptian darkness ever dwells are blind craytish, coloriess, which in the water by torchlight look like white phantoms of their outdoor kind. Now and then in such places one comes across a common frog, emaciated and seemingly discouraged, which has found its way, how no one knows, to the Tartarean realms. Also one discovers curious cave rats of the same color as domestic rats, but with longer bodies, like a weasel's, more developed whiskers and much bigger ears.

Of bats there are multitudes in the caverns, as one might expect, inasmuch as they are creatures of darkness. Countless numbers of them frequent the black hollows of Mammoth and Luray. There were times in the past when these vast caves were the resorts of gigantic beasts, such as the megatherium myloden, megalonyx and other huge sloth wiped out by the glacial epoch. With the bones are found those of extinct tapirs and peccaries. Spiders of several kinds are found in the caves. They are uniformly small, weak and of sedentary habits. No web do they spin, save a few irregular threads sometimes. What they live upon is rather a catch stray mites and other such small fry. Scavengers constitute a large part of the

places where parties take lunch. Such rejectaments of tourists accumulate in spots in the Mammoth Cave actually by cart-loads; but though there is so much moisture, decomposition progresses so slowly that the offal is not offensive. The processes of decay seem to be accomplished chiefly by a few fungi. It is said that meat hung up at the mouth of one of these caverns remains fresh for a long time, and it is surmised that the bacteria which causes things to become putrid are proba-

population of the caverns. Carmyerous

beetles are plentiful, particularly in those

bly rare in the underground atmosphere. No animals whatever are found in the dry parts of the caves. Dampness, or a certain degree of moisture, seems to be essential to their existence. Under the stones one finds white, eyeless worms, and in the damp soil around about are to be discovered blind beetles in little holes which they excavate and bugs of the thousand-leg sort. These thousand-leg bugs, which in the upper world devour fragments of dead leaves and other vegetable debris, sustain life in the caverns by feeding upon decayed wood, fungus growths and bats' dung. Kneeling in a beaten path one can see numbers of them gather about hardened drips of tallow from tourists' candles. There are

plenty of crickets also. So far as the insects of the caves are concerned, the loss of sight which they gradually undergo is sufficiently well understood. The first step is a decrease in the number of the facets which make up the compound eyes, with a corresponding diminishment of the lenses and retinæ. After four or five generations the eyes become useless. It would be most interesting to breed these or other blind creatures of the caves in the light, so as to find out if they would get their sight back. In all animals including man, it is found that nature tries to compensate for loss of vision by increasing the power of the sense of touch. Thus the antennie of cave insects grows remarkably long. It is very curious to find that noth ing in their behavior suggests the fact that they are blind. They walk, rnn, stop. explore the ground and try to escape from the grasp of the bug hunter just as if they really saw. The light of a candle startles them as much as if they perceived it visual-

It is a remarkable fact, proving that the ancestors of these creatures could see, that in the embryo stage of their existence they have eyes well developed.

LINCOLN AT CLOSE RANGE,

Impressions Made on a Man Who Knew the President Well-Eloquent Tribute.

Kate Field's Washington. Fate has been kind to Col. John Hay. I envy the man who, as a student, read law

in an office adjoining that of Abraham Lincoln. I envy him because youth is the era of impressions, and to be brought in contact with a great, rugged nature that sheds the shams of the world as Flemish gables shed rain is almost equal to a liberal education. Uncompromising integrity of character is the grandest attribute of man. Unnote of Lincoln's dumbiy Homeric life; therefore I envy the clever man of letters who knew our martyred President wisely and well-who can say of him, with as much truth as eloquence, "He belonged to no church, yet he was the uncanonized saint of all churches. He never uttered a prayer in public, yet prayers for him fastened our cause daily with golden chains around the feet of God. He was cold and ungrateful to his friends, as republics are; and yet men who never saw him thronged at his bidding the road of death as to a festival. I do not wish to make a faultless monster of him; but he comes nearer than any man I ever knew or imagined to being a type of democratic

republicanism incarnate. The man who can say this of Lincolu can say more, for note how clear his judgment: "There never was a President who so little as Lincoln admitted personal considerations in the distribution of places. He rarely gave a place to a friend-still more rarely because he was a friend. He had one characteristic which was often imputed to him as a fault, but which I think a most creditable quality-he was entirely destitute of gratitude for political services rendered to himself. He filled his Cabinet with enemies and rivals, and refused any reward to those energetic politicians who did so much to nominate him in Chicago. This, I cannot but think, is true republicanism. The Republic is ungrateful. It ought to be. It is worthy of our best work without gratitude. It accepts our best services as heaven accepts our prayers, not because either needs them, but because it is good for us to serve and to worship." A northwest wind is not more bracing and invigorating than this glimpse of Lincoln's fidelity to public interests, than this original and just interpretation of the ingratitude of republics.

Ben Butler's Grandmother. New England Magazine.

I was literally adopted by my grandmother, my grandfather having died several years before. She was a very remarkable-looking woman, who stood about five feet eleven inches in her stockings. She was then in the neighborhood of eighty years old, and walked with a stick, yet she was as erect as ever. She also taught me fully to understand her politics, which, so far as I could understand it, were that there ought not to be any kings, princes, barons, nobles or knights. She never said anything against aristocrats, and my memory of her now is that if ever there was a high-priestess of the aristocracy she was one, and especially did she dilate upon the fact that her family, the Cilleys, was the best in the State. Can any one doubt where I learned my political status: Democratic politics in government and personal aristocracy?

A Chip of the O. B.

Detroit Free Press. There is a printer in this town whose little son in the public schools is likely to follow in his father's footsteps. The other day the natural history class was up. "What type of man is the slave?" inquired